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Xavier University Newswire

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The Xaverian News

Published bi-weekly by the
Students of St. Xavier College

Vol. X

CINCINNATI, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1925

No. 7

Annual Staff Men Selected

**WORK ALREADY STARTED
BY VARIOUS EDITORS
AND BUSINESS STAFF**

J. Harry Moore, senior in the College of Liberal Arts and editor-in-chief of the 1925 Annual, has appointed the following staff men: J. Leroy Grogan, '25, Cincinnati, Liberal Arts; James P. Glenn, '26, Covington, Ky., athletics; J. J. Corbett, Cincinnati, Law, '27; Mabel V. Madden, Covington, Ky., '24, Commerce; John A. Murray, '25, Cincinnati, Art; George R. Vollman, Jr., '25, Cincinnati, photography; Frank Arlinghaus, '26, Cincinnati, business manager; Ronald Jeannougin, '25, Cincinnati, assistant business manager; John T. Gaynor, '25, Covington, Ky., advertising; Richard Deters, '23, and Edward J. McGrath, '25, Cincinnati, assistant advertising; Earl Winter, '26, Hamilton, circulation; James Nolan, '28, Louisville, Ky., assistant circulation.

The various department editors, together with the business staff, commenced preparations for the new Year Book during the holidays.

The advertising department, headed by John T. Gaynor, has been especially active, and announces encouraging progress.

DEBATERS COMMENCE WORK FOR COMING CONTEST

First Intercollegiate Debate In January

The final results of the elimination contest which has been conducted during the last four meetings of the Philopedeian Society has been officially announced. Of the twelve men forming the "squad," Frank Arlinghaus, Edward McGrath and Thomas Manion were selected for the "First Team." These men will begin intensive preparation at once in anticipation of the first debate, the definite details of which are being arranged by the Moderator and officers of the Philopedeian Society. Tentative plans are to hold the debate in January when the St. Xavier team will meet Marietta College on the Child Labor or World Court Question.

The other members of the "squad" are Howard Brophy, Raymond Caughlin, Donald Crone, Richard Deters, Joseph Gellenbeck, James Glenn, Carl Steinbicker, John Stenz, and J. Wheeler. Mr. Gavigan, debating coach and moderator of the Philopedeian Society, will begin drilling the "squad" in "argumentative gymnastics" immediately after the holidays.

FINE MUSIC, SPECIAL DANCING ACCOMMODATIONS, NOVELTIES AND FAVORS TO FEATURE PROM

**Reduced Subscription Rates To Be Maintained For
Students of College Grade**

Engagement of the Campus Owls, a Miami University orchestra with plenty of college pep and enthusiasm, will be one of the features of the evening. The Owls have promised the Prom Committee to deliver their best and some added novelties have been negotiated. The Owls have played at some of the best dances in this section, and as their forte is high-class work, they have advised that they will keep the promenaders "stepping at high gale" on January 30.

The Chubb Steinberg Recording Orchestra, which plays at the Kemper Lane, will play from midnight until the closing hour of the dance. The Chubb Steinberg organization was selected after the Prom Committee made a careful study of a score of orchestras which had bid for the work. Like the Owls, the recording music makers promise only their very best in the line of entertainment, and some snappy, peppy music is in the offering.

The favors for the Prom will serve as a fitting remembrance of the class of 1926. Only after mature deliberation have the committeemen decided upon the little dainty piece of jewelry which will be a novelty compared with previous favors.

By arrangement with the Sinton's manager, John R. Horgan, the promenaders will use both the French ballroom and the entrancing esplanade and Charles II room adjoining for dancing. The orchestra men will be established under the balcony which joins the two rooms, and an

experiment has revealed that music so rendered will reach to all corners of both floors.

Joseph D. Farrell, chairman of the Junior Prom Committee, promises to have student tickets for admission to the Prom on sale the week of January 18. The special price of \$5 for students has been established provided undergraduates in the College of Liberal Arts, the College of Law and the School of Commerce take advantage of purchasing tickets from members of the committee during the advance sale. The flat rate of \$7 will be assessed at the Sinton the evening of the Prom, January 30, and no exceptions will be made to this regulation.

Farrell, with other members of the committee, Jim Boyle, Tom Mussio, Earl Winter and Murray Paddock, will visit all liberal arts, law and commerce classes to dispose of the tickets. Signs will be posted the time and date of their coming.

Sale of tickets at the special rate will be confined to one ticket for each student. No buying on proxy will be permitted. The exact date for closing the advance student sale has not been defined, yet it is certain to close before January 28.

Patrons and patronesses for the Prom have been solicited by the committee and at least a half hundred are anticipated.

The general invitations for the dance will be placed in the mail within the next few days.

THIRD ALUMNI LECTURE AT SINTON JANUARY 17

**Dr. Fischer of University of
Cincinnati Faculty to Speak**

"Gregor Mendel and Heredity" is the topic of the lecture to be given at the Sinton Sunday evening, January 18, by Dr. Martin Fischer, pathologist of the University of Cincinnati. The lecture will be given under the auspices of the Alumni association, and will be the third on the program arranged by the graduate body for the winter season.

The topic of heredity is one which always appeals to an audience, and since the lecture course is free to the general public a large attendance is anticipated.

Abbot Francis Joseph McDonald, Fort Augustus, Scotland, and Rev. John A. McCloy, S. J., University of Detroit, have already appeared on the program.

MASQUERS CONSIDER ANOTHER OTHER PLAY SOON

May Attempt Classic Again

The Xaverian Masque Society, pleased with the manner in which the "Comedy of Errors" was received may endeavor to produce another classic drama before Lent.

There are some who believe that the Masquers should continue their effort to popularize the classics in the dramatic field while many contend that production of a modern play should be the next move of the society.

Production of a Passion Play during the Lenten season is receiving serious consideration and tentative negotiations have been started.

Rev. Daniel M. O'Connell, S. J., dean of the College of Liberal Arts, who has taken a keen interest in the Masque organization, is in favor of selecting another classical play before the Passion Play is given.

Work on "Mikado" Shows Progress

**DEPARTMENTAL PERFORMANCES EXPECTED TO
ELICIT LOYAL SUPPORT**

Theatrical thought around the college is centering around two productions of Gilbert and Sullivan's operetta, "The Mikado," at the Emory Auditorium, Wednesday evening, January 28, and Thursday evening, January 29.

The first performance will be for the college and all students in the College of Liberal Arts, the College of Law and the School of Commerce are expected to rally to its support. It will be up to college folk to "put over" the January 28 performance in the way of the seat sale and general boosting of the play.

The last performance on January 29 has been set aside for St. Xavier High School. Rev. John A. Weiland, S. J., principal of the high school, is in charge of arrangements for the "High School Night."

Despite the fact that the "High School Night" is set for the night before the Junior Prom, neither event is expected to interfere with the other. The Prom always draws college students as well as alumni and friends of the college.

The cast is being rehearsed under

(Continued on page 3)

NEW ALUMNI OFFICERS TO BE INSTALLED AT MEETING

**Alfred Geisler, '17, Succeeds
John Hoban, '04, As Prexy**

Installation of recently-elected officers of the Alumni association will feature the meeting to be held.

Alfred T. Geisler, '17, president-elect, will succeed John E. Hoban, who has guided the destiny of the graduate body during the past year.

Other officers to assume their duties include: Al Wesselman, of the class of 1896, vice president; Honorary vice presidents: Dr. William H. Wenning, '68; James A. Sebastiani, '73; Dr. H. H. Hoppe, '86; Gen. P. L. Mitchell, '97; Dr. Thomas J. Glenn, '04; Paul K. Moorman, '11, and James J. Cushing, '23.

James J. Grogan, '08, is a hold-over for the office of financial secretary.

Michael A. Hellenthal, '23, becomes recording secretary while Lawrence H. Kyte, '21, assumes the treasurer'ship.

Members of the executive committee are: John E. Hoban, '04; William B. Poland, '87; Dr. A. C. Minor, class of 1903; William L. Reenan, '03; Joseph C. Topmoeiler, '10, and Charles H. Purdy, '15.

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 Assistant Editor-in-Chief.....Earl J. Winter, '26

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Asst. Liberal Arts.....Ray E. Daly, '28	Humor.....Jos. A. Dell, '25

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 Assistant Business Manager.....James P. Glenn, '26
 Circulation Manager.....Albert M. Schmitz, '25
 Advertising Manager.....Edward J. McGrath, '28

FOR A GREATER ST. XAVIER

ADVANCEMENT OF INTRAMURAL ACTIVITIES.
 CONTINUED EFFORT IN DRIVE FOR A GREATER UNIVERSITY.
 INCREASED INTERESTS IN ACADEMIC PURSUITS AND EXISTING COLLEGE SOCIETIES.
 FITTING RECOGNITION OF ACADEMIC LEADERS.

A NEW YEAR'S THOUGHT

There is no better means, we believe, of fortifying a purpose or strengthening a determination than by comparing the superior attainments of another to those of our own. The knowledge that others are daily emulating us, even in our most favored pursuit, is one of the incitements which impels the sincere student to maintain at least a representative standard. What students of St. Xavier and the school as a whole have accomplished in the past few years should have some psychological effect upon the behavior of her posterity. This, then, seems to be a most opportune time to mention a few of these noteworthy events and attainments. We think such a review might serve to suggest the sort of task we have before us if we would equal or surpass what has been done in the near past.

Speaking first of those matters which relate to the school as a whole: Late in the school year of 1923-24, St. Xavier was admitted to the Ohio College Association, an organization of educational standing.

In 1924 Xavier held her first all-departmental convocation, which is to be an annual or bi-annual function instituted for the promotion and better co-operation of the various departments.

In 1922 Xavier's singular work in the three major sports gained for her recognition in the Ohio Conference.

In the early part of 1924 an all-departmental musical show was given with great success. Another will be given late this month, and according to present plans one or more of these productions will be staged each year.

Late in 1923 a dramatic society known as the Xaverian Masque was organized. It is the first dramatic and musical organization known to St. Xavier College, and since its instigation has given several successful presentations of a dramatic and musical nature.

In the same year the College participated in its first intercollegiate debate. Although the decision was lost the excellence of the debate can be verified by any of those who attended.

Turning to the individual accomplishments:

Joseph H. Meyers, in 1923, won the first place in the Intercollegiate English contest. Although St. Xavier has always taken one or more places among the first ten she had never before, at least within the last twenty years, won first place. This distinguished honor shows superiority over the best student writers in the Missouri Province.

A little later in the same year Anthony P. Conlon merited the highest average in the Ohio Bar examination, in which about 490 students from all the law institutions in Ohio participated. This attainment is unique because it is a tribute to the efficacy of the Night System and the St. Xavier Law School which is yet in its infancy.

In 1925 Frank Arlinghaus won third place in the Intercollegiate Latin contest, a really difficult task.

In athletics, the 1923-24 season saw "Herb" Davis rated by many experts as an All-Western halfback.

EDITORIAL COMMENT DISCUSSED THROUGH Exchanges

"College Spirit," "Student Activities," "The Ideals of Education," "Responsibility," "Duty" are but a few of the subjects dealt with by college editorial writers in a large number of student publications.

The Prospector of Mt. St. Charles College, speaking of college spirit, says: "Do anything to bring about spirit! Let's go! We now pledge one hundred per cent co-operation to all college activities." The University of Chicago "Cub," speaking of the same subject, says: "An institution that has not the hearty co-operation of the student body, the staunch loyalty of the individual, behind every movement is like a cart without a horse. It will 'roll down hill' all right; but on the 'up-grade' where the going is hard it stops."

In the University of Akron "Buchtelite" we find a very excellent passage on "Responsibility," which says, "There are about ten leaders in the University who are almost essential to the existence of student life, they are getting some good out of school and giving some good to it. On the other hand, there are followers, those who refer to the school as 'behind the times' and who, by their very apathy, are doing the best to bring about the very condition which they are bewailing."

"Courtesy" is the topic stressed by the Notre Dame News published by the girl students of Notre Dame, Cleveland. This interesting editorial says in part: "Courtesy is the keynote of college life. Courtesy is the consideration, helpfulness, thoughtfulness and kindness that one student shows toward another."

The "Case Tech" had an exceptionally good editorial in last month's issue headed "Open-Minded Rivalry," which says, "Genuine culture consists largely in sympathy with many kind of men and in insight into the widest ranges of human life. There is place for generous rivalry in a great university or college, but the rivalry must be kept on a high level, and not allowed to sink into unworthy conflict and discord. So long as the spirit of fair-minded rivalry prevails, no sense of arrogance, of exclusiveness, of privilege, or caste, will enter the minds of the members of the groups."

We have, however, saved the best for the last, and the following advice given in the "Creightonian" is applicable not only to Creighton University, but to St. Xavier College as well. Under the caption "Advertise Creighton" find the following worth-while statement: "Creighton University is not recognized as it should be. Even in Omaha the business men fail to see all that the University is doing for their city in general, and for their own business in particular. It is up to the students to obtain for themselves and their school the advantages which they as members of such an organization should have. One of the most obvious ways is to support Creighton advertisers. Let our motto be 'Boost Creighton.'"

We find that the "cross-word puzzle" has invaded a number of college weeklies. A very difficult one was printed in the Creightonian. A figure in the shape of a cross with five compartments was accompanied by the following directions:

Horizontal: 2—An animal that chases rats.

Vertical: 1—An animal that is chased by rats.

During the same season also "Bill" Knecht made the tackle position on the mythical All-Ohio eleven.

This record is formidable. No more eloquent eulogy of the academic and athletic standard of the College could be had. Such excellence will be difficult to maintain, but it will serve as a goal upon which we can base our resolution for the New Year. It will be our guiding beacon, a definite and fixed light, which will lead us unerringly to attainment and success both for ourselves and for the school.

A WORTHY CAUSE

The H. P. Milet Unit of the Catholic Students Mission Crusade succeeded in raising a sum of money to present to Bishop Von Hoeck of Patna, India, while he is visiting here this week. This money is to be used to assist the Bishop's needy diocese, to aid him in procuring the bare essentials necessary to maintain churches.

To help in the saving of souls and in the propagation of the Faith is probably the most worthy cause to which a student can lend his support. Personal sacrifice towards giving more than what one can ordinarily afford will probably bring greater returns both in the actual good which the donation brings about and in spiritual reward to the donor than any other act of charity. We hope that every student in the College has taken advantage of this really great opportunity to do a good work.

The purse presented to the Bishop amounted to about one hundred dollars, the objective amount of the committee, who are to be congratulated for doing a work so befitting to Catholic manhood.

MOOT TRIAL HELD DEC. 16 HOLIDAY VACATION EN- WON BY THE DEFENSE JOYED BY ALL

Students From All Depart- ments Participate

The moot trial held under the auspices of the Jurist's Organization, December 16th, was won by the defense. Edward T. Dixon, former judge of the Common Pleas Court of Hamilton County and a St. Xavier Alumnus, presided. Many interesting points of law were brought up during the course of the trial. The fictitious name of a litigation was The State vs. Smith.

The counsel for the defense and the winning side were Charles McLaughlin and John Murray.

Jerome Corbett and Edward O'Connor were the state's attorneys. Philip J. Kennedy, a senior in the college of Liberal Arts, acted as the defendant.

Karl Clark, of Hamilton, served as the clerk of courts.

The following students were the witnesses for the state: Irving Hart, Miss Henrietta McGarr, John Ernst, Earl Winter and Robert Gabel.

The witnesses for the defense were: Lawrence Kane, Thomas Manion, Calvin Schook, Ben Grause and Miss Kane.

The jury was composed of students of the various departments of St. Xavier. They were: James Boyle, Angela Janszen, Ralph Kohnen, John Stenz, Frank Arlinghaus, James Glenn, Howard Geerin, Charles Wheeler, Charles Locktefeld, John Soerger, Nora Gibbons and Josephine Kuhlmann.

The jurists are planning another trial for the near future.

The Christmas vacation was a welcomed interlude between the pre-holiday tests and quizzes in all subjects in the College of Liberal Arts, as well as in some Law and Commerce classes and the semester examinations to be held January 23 to 30.

All of the students living in Elet Hall went to their respective homes and preached the St. Xavier spirit during the interim. Many of the men report that they have "sold" the place and that a number of the high school men from their respective vicinities will give the school plenty of consideration.

WORK ON "MIKADO" SHOWS PROGRESS

(Continued from page 1)

direction of Miss Florence Moran, who has acted in similar capacity for past All-St. Xavier shows.

Rev. Francis X. Finn, S. J., member of the Board of Trustees, is general chairman of the play, and is supervising manager for both performances.

The cast includes capable performers, and all in all both shows are expected to continue the high standard set by St. Xavier shows of the past.

Among those appearing are: Walter Ryan, Tom Manion, Jack Driscoll, Sam Pusateri, Joe Hennegan, Jack Lynn, Misses Bertha Goosman, Margaret Mary Earls, Anna Schwoge and Dina Bonina. Edward Hennegan will be musical director.

A barking dog never bites.
Yes, but you never know when he's going to quit barking.

FRIENDS ACT AS SHOW PATRONS

Among the patrons and patronesses for the "Comedy of Errors" presented at the Odeon on December 10th, were the following:

Rev. Huber Brockman, S. J., Rev. Francis Finn, S. J., Miss Ella Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick F. Geerin, Mr. and Mrs. George Budde, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jeannougin, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence J. Grogan, Mr. and Mrs. John R. Manion, Mrs. John Porteous, Mr. and Mrs. John E. Mussio, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Fern, Mr. John Parazzo, Mrs. William Lodge, Mrs. Adelheid Foss, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ginochio, Mr. and Mrs. Walter A. Ryan, Mr. and Mrs. John J. Gilligan, Mr. and Mrs. Louis J. Delle, Mr. and Mrs. James Leonard, Mr. Fred Moltenkamp, Mr. William Keck, Mr. Thomas W. Burke, Mr. Jas. A. Reilly, Mr. J. B. Hendberger, Mr. William Spangenberg, Mr. Harry W. Deters, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Weiskittel, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. M. Geoghegan, Mrs. J. Corcoran, Miss Gertrude Metz, Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Weber, Dr. and Mrs. Homer J. Huchart, and Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Dennis J. Ryan.

WOMEN TO GIVE PARTY FOR COLLEGE

A group of Catholic women interested in the progress of St. Xavier College are arranging to give a party for the college February 23. The ladies in charge of the affair hope to hold the party in Recreation Hall, where ample facilities to accommodate a large number may be found.

Mr. James L. Leonard, Rose Hill avenue, is chairman of the committee in charge.

More complete details will be given in the next issue of News.

FAMOUS MISSION BISHOP VISITS XAVIER

Prelate Comes to United States For First Time in 32 Years

The Rt. Rev. Louis Van Hoeck, S. J., Bishop of Patna, India, is now a visitor at the college for a stay of about one week.

Bishop Van Hoeck has in his care 28,000,000 souls, a charge many times larger than has any bishop in America. To further the cause of Christ among so many pagans are only 1,171 assistants helping this noted missionary. But even so, Bishop Van Hoeck and his companions have succeeded far beyond hope in their heroic work. Alone, the bishop and another missionary converted 21,000 pagans in one year.

The school system in Patna thrives under the care of Bishop Van Hoeck. In 1910 the British Government bestowed upon him the gold medal "Kaiser-i-Hind for Public Service" awarded him "for continuous and eminent service in the cause of education in Choto Nagpur." When during the World War aims for the support of the schools was cut off, the British Government advanced funds to the bishop to pay all the teachers' fees and building expenses, instead of the usual grant of one-half, which the government allows to approved schools.

For the first time since he went to India thirty-two years ago, Bishop Van Hoeck is in the United States. He is on his way to Rome but while in this country will visit many of the Jesuit institutions. While the bishop stopped at St. Xavier during this week of January, the Milit Unit of the Catholic Students' Missionary Crusade received him and a purse raised by the Art students was presented to him.

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SPORT SECTION

BASKET BALL PROSPECTS OUTLOOK IN FOOTBALL REST WITH ABILITY OF NEW MEN

Good But Inexperienced Material For 1925 Season

At the beginning of the basket ball season, Coach Meyer is faced with the difficulty of whipping into shape a representative team from a small squad. The loss by graduation has especially affected the guard proposition, and it is necessary for the coach to develop two men to occupy these positions. Meyer is considering switching Jake Weiner to a running guard, leaving Reynolds, Bray, Albers, Hofesreider and Schmidt to take care of the forward positions. Joe Kelly has had considerable experience at the guarding end of the game and is expected to develop into a tower of strength. Joe Farrell, another guard candidate, has had but slight experience at the indoor game. With the exception of Captain Reynolds, Dick Bray has showed the most ability among the forward candidates. Dick is a former Withrow boy and is a clever performer at any form of sport. Bob King is the most likely candidate for the center position. Bob has had quite a bit of experience and is adept at caging the pill. He is a product of an Indiana town, which is saying enough. To judge from the caliber of the teams that the Hoosier State sends to the annual Tri-State Tournament at U. C., the boys must be born with basket balls in their hands. Bob is no exception. Paul Gosiger, a sophomore, is also out for the pivot position.

VARSITY FIVE PREPARES FOR FIRST GAMES

Basket ball practice has been resumed with a will. After a welcome respite of two weeks the men are again hard at it in preparation for the first game on January 10 with the Covington Y. M. C. A.

This game promises to be a thriller as usual. The Puritan aggregation has a strong line-up, composed of many veterans, with the addition of a couple of former collegiate performers. This, together with the fact that they have already contested in three games, makes the outcome of the game extremely uncertain.

Last year St. X. won two hotly-contested games on the Covington floor, and it is to be hoped that this year's brace of games will result in a duplication of that feat. A keen rivalry has always been a feature of the Covington Y games, a rivalry topped only by the Ohio University contests.

OUTLOOK IN FOOTBALL FOR NEXT SEASON UNUSUALLY BRIGHT

Quite a few new teams will be met upon the gridiron in 1925. Five Conference games have been booked. These games are with Kenyon, Akron, Wittenberg, Ohio Wesleyan and Ohio Northern. Of this quintet, Akron is a newcomer in football. The other four have all been met in the last two years, some with rather disastrous results. Of the non-Conference games, the game with Kentucky Wesleyan will be that team's first appearance on Corcoran Field. Negotiations are also in progress for a game with Morris-Harvey.

Coach Meyer was unusually fortunate at the Annual Conference of Coaches, as he succeeded in booking five contests. This is a record number of Conference games and gives St. X. the first real opportunity of annexing first honors. The small number of games allotted them in the past has always prevented them from showing their real caliber. The season of 1925 promises a different story. The present squad will be reinforced by the addition of many freshmen, who have displayed ability on the yearling eleven, while only four men will be lost by graduation. This last is indeed a happy thought when one considers the many difficulties that had to be met and overcome during the 1924 season chiefly because of the loss of so many capable men by graduation.

BASKET BALL QUINTET CAPTURES THIRD PLACE IN 1924 SEASON

The 1924 basket ball season was highly successful for the Blue and White. Eight Conference games were participated in, of which St. Xavier won seven and lost one. This sole defeat was administered by Ohio U. and virtually destroyed our hopes of a championship. Victories were registered against Miami, Ohio U., Wittenberg, Kenyon, Muskingum, Akron and Otterbein.

In regard to the non-Conference games, St. Xavier succeeded in winning two from Covington Y. M. C. A. on the latter's floor. Central Y was defeated once and triumphed as many times. Xavier split a double bill with Fenwick Club, defeated Circle A. C. of Circleville, but surprised her followers by dropping one to the Capital Club of Columbus.

Against her Conference enemies, St. X. registered 274 points, while the former garnered 218 points. In non-Conference battles 216 points were rung up by the Meyer men as against 176 points for the opposition.

CHANGES IN RULES RECOMMENDED BY GRID HEADS AT ANNUAL MEETING

At the annual meeting of the Football Coaches Association of America, four changes in the football rules were recommended. The forward pass, which was expected to cause a heated discussion, was not mentioned. Tribute was paid to the memory of Percy D. Haughton and Dana M. Evans, deceased members of the association. The following changes were advised:

Abolition of giving first down on offside penalty unless penalty gives offensive team ball beyond point to be gained.

Restoration of kick-off to kicker's forty-yard line, instead of midfield, with permission to use tee of not more than four inches in height.

Fixing responsibility for watching for roughness against kicker upon head linesman, instead of referee.

Abolition of giving first down on blocked kick behind the line of scrimmage if recovered by kicker's side unless ball is recovered at or beyond point to be gained. It was pointed out that the fourth change does not apply to kicks partially blocked which cross the line of scrimmage.

CAMP PICKS ALL-AMERICAN TEAM

Stuhldreher Named As Smartest Quarter

Walter Camp has published his All-American team for the season of 1924. As is usual with Camp's team, his choice of men for the various positions radically disagrees with the choices of the numerous other coaches who have selected All-American teams. One surprising feature is the fact that only one Notre Dame man was placed on the first team. This was Stuhldreher, the Irish quarter-back, who is conceded by every authority to be the quarter-back par excellence. His ability in kicking, forward passing and carrying the ball is equaled by other field generals, but his uncanny facility in calling the right play is unexcelled. Other coaches have mentioned Walsh, Crowley, Miller and Layden, but Camp has omitted these men from his first team. Camp's team is representative of the whole country. He has chosen men from the East, Middle West and Far West. Contrary to precedent the Big Three were shunted to the background, as no Harvard, Yale or Princeton man succeeded in winning a place on the first team.

TRACK TEAM ADVOCATED FOR XAVIER

No Reason Why Track Sport Should Be Lacking

By John T. Caynor

The coming of January always induces in one the thought of the coming baseball and track season, even though a blanket of snow still covers the baseball diamond and cinder path. This latter sport, namely track and field events, has always been considered as one of the four major college sports. However, it has never been indulged in to any extent at St. X. The chief reason for this in the past has undoubtedly been the absence of a cinder track. Now that this latter has been completed there is no reason why the school should not be represented in track meets as well as on the gridiron, diamond or basket ball court. There are certainly sufficient men of ability in the school to turn out a representative team to contest with other Ohio Conference schools at the various inter-collegiate meets. In the past students of St. X. have participated in amateur meets, running under the colors of an amateur athletic organization. If St. Xavier had possessed a track team the successes of these men would have redounded to greater glory for St. Xavier. For the past two years Herb Lammers has been captain of the track team and has done his utmost to draw the men out for practice, but up to the present year he has met with but meagre success. It is to be hoped that the season of 1925 will find St. Xavier represented by a track team whose ability will be a reflection of the ability of her teams in other branches of sport.

SPRING PRACTICE WILL BE INTRODUCED THIS YEAR

An innovation will be introduced at St. X. in the spring in the way of spring football practice. St. Xavier has been widening out year after year, not only in athletics, but in a scholastic way and spring practice is but another proof of this branching out process. In this regard St. X. is following the custom of the majority of the big universities all over the country, who have found it extremely profitable to give over at least two weeks in the spring to the preparation of the men for the coming gridiron season. It is an aid to the freshmen in acquainting them with the style of play used and refreshes the memory of the veterans. Undoubtedly it will have a noticeable effect upon next season's play.

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THE CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

Cross-word puzzles are fast becoming the fad. All newspapers are devoting more and more space to them. It won't be long until we find them named "The Crossville Boss," or "The Puzzlette," or "The Cross-Word News." The editors will be men of words. The highest paid reporters will be the ones who can think up words of three letters beginning with "x" and ending in "z" meaning a denizen of ancient Diophoria. The first page will read something as follows:

"Asylums Filling Fast as Puzzle Epidemic Spreads."

"Highwaymen Gag Eminent Professor and Make a Getaway with Final Draft of Famous Puzzle."

"Renowned Puzzletician Visits Europe in Quest of New Material."

"The University of Paduanah Installed a New Course in Crosswordology."

Business is fast descending to a matter of p's and q's. Secretaries will be required to have at their finger tips such words as one meaning a weapon of Achilles beginning with "j" and having seventeen letters. The merchants who employ the best etymologists will do the best business. For example you enter a meat

shop and ask for a pound of steak. While the clerk is wrapping your package you politely demand a word meaning a South American herb beginning with "i" and ending in "ha" with eleven letters and he will immediately inform you that it is "Ipecacuanha." You will emerge irradial in your success and thereafter beg your wife to let you go to the store everytime you are in need of the necessary word.

Upon going to work in the morning you will step into the street car with a "Good morning, conductor. Have

you any idea of a synonym of portico containing four letters and ending in "a".

"No," he will reply, "but I am stumped by a word of seventeen letters meaning pretended piety." You will be confounded by such ads as "Use Libby's Theasaurus. Warranted for a Thousand Puzzles." "Zeno's Synonyms are always synonymous." "Wordsworth's World of Words. 10c a copy."

Entering the office you will be stopped by your stenographer who will

(Continued on page 8)

BURGLER OR LAWYER

The burgler's wife was in the witness box.

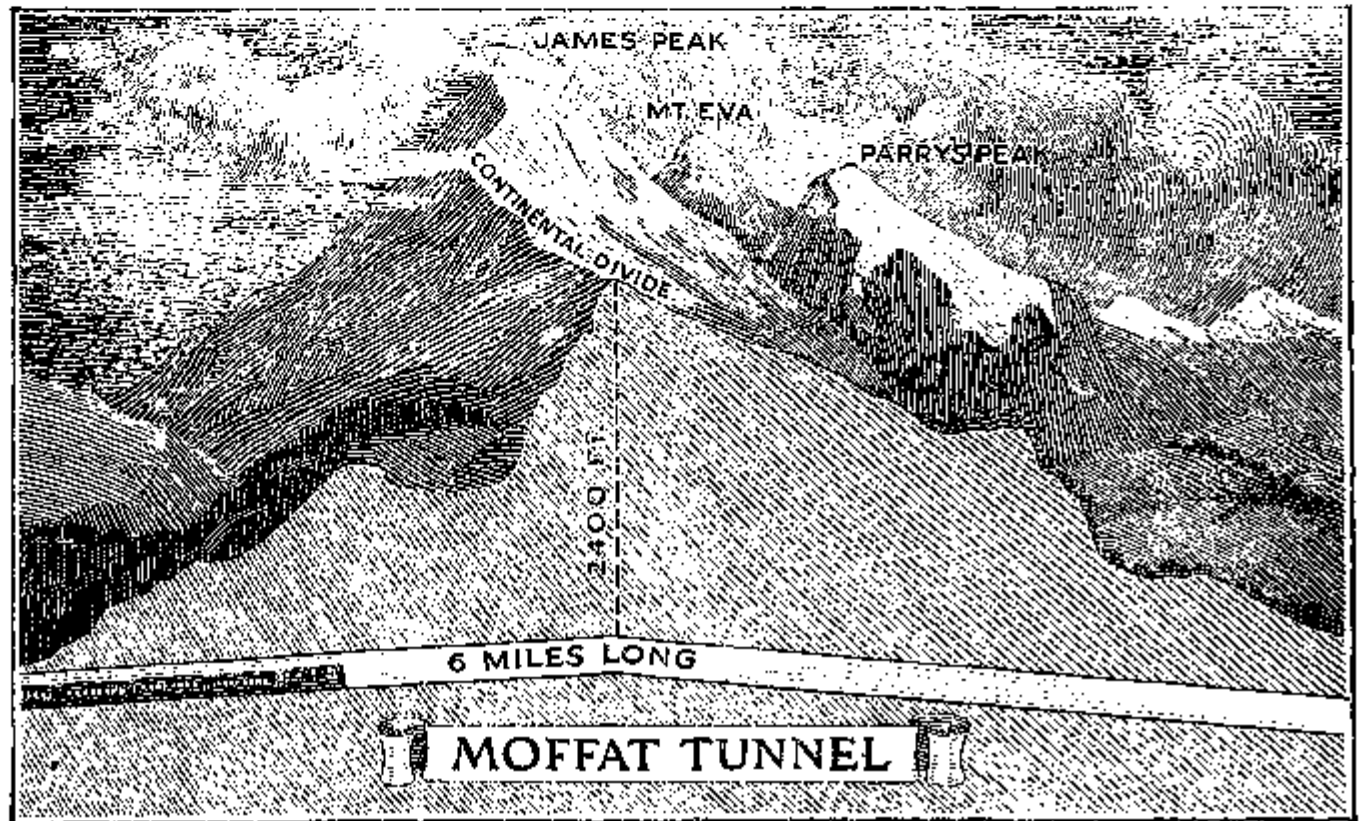
"Madam, are you the prisoner's wife?" demanded the Prosecuting Attorney.

"Yes, sir."

"How did you come to contract a matrimonial alliance with such a man?"

"Well," said the witness, "I had to choose between a burglar and a lawyer."

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General Electric mine locomotives are carrying out the rock, and G-E motors are driving air compressors and pumping water from underground rivers.

The conquests of electricity on land and sea, in the air and underground, are making practical the impossibilities of yesterday. It remains only for men of ability to find new things to do tomorrow. Thus does Opportunity of 1925 beckon college men and women toward greater things as yet undreamed, and to a better world to live in.

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HIGH SCHOOL SECTION

HIGH SCHOOL STAFF

Managing Editor.....Louis S. Keller
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 William Nolan Robert Otto
 Joseph Dressman John McWilliams

FIRST PRIZE STORY

THE SIXTH DAY

By Paul Baurichter

Slowly the folded slip of paper was tilted, and the poison slipped into the little glass. The man leaned back and gazed at the six wine glasses. Then he stepped forward and, closing his eyes, moved them about. Once more he leaned back and looked at the six cups filled with good red wine, a rich red that glimmered and sparkled in the gaslight. A man might drink from five of those glasses and he would praise the quality of that wine; if he sipped the sixth—he would take no more on the morrow. And standing there, he went over again the events that had culminated in this, as though he would convince himself of the righteousness of his action.

Once there had been twelve of those dainty wine-glasses, and he had seen them touched to tempting red lips that smiled sweet promises to him. He had seen them lifted to toast him, before a glittering table of social celebrities.

Then had come the crash; he had fallen from his pedestal of wealth to a gloomy hole of poverty in the East Side that they called a rooming-house. At first when the news spread, from those about him it was a word of sympathy, then but a smile, soon a brief nod and finally a haughty stare; he was now but another of the common mob that infests this earth.

Months of indecision, of self-pity, of mortification, of inactivity had passed. Finally had come the great idea—he would write a book, he would tell the world of his life, but in the story he would rise again to prominence. There followed months of toil and labor, when often his light could be still seen in the early hour of the morning. When it was completed the story was good; he knew it was good; and for three months he tried to have it printed. From publisher to publisher he had tramped. Yes it was a nice theme, they admitted, but just then they were a little busy, or a little slack, or had some other matter on hand, or anything that might pass as an excuse. In a little while perhaps they would let him know. Of those cursed long weeks of waiting, of hoping, of despairing, with the spells of

despair becoming longer and more frequent.

That morning his landlady had told him he would have to leave the next day; she had children; she had already trusted him for three weeks; She knew his book would be a success, but she needed the money; she was sorry. He had gone out and borrowed money on his mother's ring. His heart had felt a twinge of regret as he laid it on the dirty palm of the pawnbroker, but somebody else would wear it in a few days anyway. With the money he had paid his rent a week in advance, had bought a half-pint of good wine—and the little folded paper with the poison from a shop with which he had become acquainted. It was no use. Why should he struggle any longer? He could stand no more of their damnable sniveling and faint promises, their pitying glances at his worn clothing. What mattered if he dropped out? Friends? He had no friends! His landlady could easily obtain from someone else the dollar that he was paying her to stay there every week. So he had filled his glasses with wine and with a steady hand he had emptied the poison into one, a slow-acting poison that permitted its victim a few hours and then—a sudden tensing of the muscles, a seeming suspension of everything, and the drinker would slump to the floor. With closed eyes he had mixed the glasses so that now all alike shone clear and unblemished their ruby red. In one lurked death, but which one the glasses would not indicate. He placed them in a row on the mantelpiece. Tomorrow he would drink the first one. Perhaps it would be the end. If not, on the next day he would drink the second, and so on till he felt that paralyzing jerk. Yes, it was the easiest way.

The next morning he walked to the mantel and, picking up the glass, he swallowed the liquor at a gulp. Then he sat down beside the window and during the whole day, moody and still, he watched the city and waited for the end. In like manner passed the second, and the third, and fourth, and fifth days.

On the sixth day he took the last full glass and as before drank it down with one swallow. He carefully set it down beside its companions and smiled bitterly. To the very end he had been spared, to the very limit that he had set for his life, he had been forced to go. Not one day had been taken from the number he had allotted to himself. But today was the last; and with a wild hoarse laugh he brushed the glasses by one fierce sweep of his hand to the floor. For a long time he stood there leaning with his elbows upon the mantelpiece. At last he sat down by the table and began to write.

"Dear landlady, for so must I call you, to you I bequeath all that may

result from my book-(to-be?), both profits and losses."

He looked up at a hurried rapping on the door, and languidly said, "Come in." There entered a frail young thing who cleaned up the rooms, a distant niece of the landlady she said. She held forth a letter to the man.

With deliberate movements, for what concerns him who is to die any minute, he tore open the envelope and drew out the communication.

"Enclosed please find check for two thousand dollars (\$2,000.00) as first payment of royalty on your book. Congratulating you, we remain, . . ."

For a minute he sat gazing vacantly at the letter. The paper slipped from his fingers and fluttered to the floor, and still he sat there looking straight ahead. The words like tiny imps dancing before a background of six glasses filled with red wine taunted him, laughed at him, mocked him. They made fun of his sufferings and disgrace, and of the drink he had taken several hours ago to obtain peace. The mockery of it all, oh, the mockery of it all; laugh, laugh—they were laughing—they were all laughing—and he, too, burst into shrill hideous laughter, horrible laughter that made the girl blanch as she looked at his white unsmiling face. At last his cackle ceased and he leaned weakly back in the chair. A saner look crept into his eyes, and he spoke to the girl.

"What are you waiting for, Tillie; do you want anything? Speak out, girl, for any minute it may be useless!"

The girl's wan face grew red; her hands were clasping and unclasping, but she managed to stammer, "Please sir—I'm sorry—I-I couldn't help it—it was—it was last Thursday—when I-I was cleaning. The broom knocked one down and it—it broke. But I bought another just like it and put some wine in it and I put it back. Oh please, please don't look at me like that! I didn't think you'd mind, cause I got you another like it. I'm awful sorry!"

Rapidly he figured—it was over five hours since he had taken the last glass—the poison always acted in not more than four—she must have cracked the one with the fatal liquid! Once more the man laughed, laughed heartily and joyously, and finally with a wave of his hand and tears in his eyes, he said:

"That's all right, child, all right. Come with me this afternoon and I'll get you a coat; yes, a coat and a hat, too!" And the man began to laugh again.

SECOND PRIZE STORY

A MURDER AVENGED

By William Le Saint

The dark moon rode hazily behind black, tumbling clouds. The wind moaned fearfully around the squat log cabin as though seeking some lost friend concealed within its murky interior. And indeed the cabin fitted in well with the melancholy elements, being built of rough hewn logs and chinked with clay. Its reputation was as unsavory as its appearance. Built in the gold rush of '40 it had been the scene of many foul deeds and fifty years later it was still regarded with disfavor by all except Jake Sweezy, its miserly owner and occupant.

Jake was an old man, seventy or thereabouts, who had made his pile in the old days and was keeping it hidden in his hut.

The feeble glow of a candle now illuminated the old cracked window, which served as the cabin's only means of ventilation, as the tottering old miser arose for a midnight orgy with his gold. He walked slowly to a rickety, old table in the center of the room and placing the candle on its dusty surface stooped and dragged out a bulky sack from its hiding place under the floor. His eyes sparkled with greed as he dumped its contents out on the table where they shone dully under the light of the candle. "Gold," he cried, "for you I offer my life, you are my God, your accumulation the sole purpose of my life." Gradually, however, the passion in his voice, the lust in his eyes was displaced by another emotion and his head sank lower and lower until it rested softly on the golden hoard.

All Selkirk was in an uproar, Joe Rosenberg, the man who had been arrested for the murder of his brother, had killed his guard and escaped down the Lewes river in a stolen canoe, completely eluding the posse which had set out to apprehend him. Joe made good use of his opportunities and was many miles down the river before another and better equipped expedition had been dispatched in search of him. His eyes continually roved the river's bank and just when he had about given up hope of finding some place where he might find clothes to replace his prison garb, he spied a light about two hundred yards from the edge of the river. Landing the canoe he jumped out, crept stealthily up to the window from which the light emanated, and peered in.

He jumped back with a start for there before his eyes he saw what he took for a vision but afterwards knew was a reality. He saw free—
 (Continued on next page)

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MAGAZINE SECTION

THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST

By C. W. Seelbach

Note:—The following was related one night at a club of which I am a member. A crowd of us gathered in a circle, and all had given a story, but one elderly gentleman, who sat quietly during the evening, an attentive listener. When pressed for his contribution, he replied that he had only one to give, but since it was a true one, and a hard one to even believe, he'd rather be excused. This remark, of course, only aroused more interest, and all clamored to have it. At length, after much persuasion, he finally consented to tell his story, but with the provision that no one laugh at it, and that no one try to solve it, because he himself had tried and found it to be unsolvable. All chorused their promises, and he began. It was my self-appointed duty to take down the yarns which were unfolded, and later to have them printed and bound for the club library. Consequently, sensing a real story, I was on my toes as it were, and got the tale just as he told it. With his permission, I offer it here, only slightly altered in matters of sequence, which in the telling he had the misfortune to involve. I have also given it a name which does, and does not fill the bill as a title, for as a story, it could have — of a thousand names, one as good as another. In presenting the tale, I ask the reader to accept it as we did that night, and not try to solve it. It is unsolvable.

The summer of 1900 has marked itself upon my mind as a plentiful and decidedly memorable one. My business was giving ample returns, so ample, in fact, that I resolved to take a much longed for vacation, while all was running so smoothly. Accordingly, when the dog-days of August rolled around, I packed what I thought necessary for the trip, and after a few days, left the stifling city for the smiling Blue-Grass of Kentucky. I was accompanied by several other choice and agreeable spirits and after detouring at a shabby little town, we hired a wagon to cart our luggage to a cite which had been recommended to us by a reliable out-of-doors man of our acquaintance. It was on the Kentucky River, and a more truly delightful spot would have been hard to find. We pitched our tents on a spit of sand jutting out into the river as a wide bend. Across in the offing, a wall of timber sloped skyward in a vast semi-circle. Immediately in front of us flowed the clear, rapid waters of the river, while at our backs rose a towering cliff. It was as scarred and element-worn as one could imagine, and it somehow continually reminded us of our hopeless littleness. After midafternoon, we succeeded in making everything shipshape and then spent the remainder of the time till supper in swimming and reveling in the cool, refreshing stream.

Life of this sort was more than agreeable for us jaded money hounds and you can be sure that we did not miss a thing. We spent our time each day in one way or another, either reading, loitering around, swimming, pitching horse shoes and some times fishing, to say nothing of eating. We could wish for nothing more, nor did we.

An old John boat was procured after a few days, and more than one delightful hour was spent as we cruised our way up or down stream, marvelling at the scenery. For pure Virginia beauty and wild scapes, you need go no further than the Kentucky River Valley. No wonder that the Indians gave it the name they did. A peaceful benediction seems to be descending at all times over this territory, which compels one to see it in no other light, than that of an ever satisfying Paradise.

For more than two weeks we continued this back to nature program and enjoyed every minute of it. One night while sitting before the fire, I suddenly came to the realization that I had seen nothing of the country behind us at all. I determined that I should set about exploring on the morrow, and told the others of my intention. Of course, they scoffed at the idea of going with me, so I retaliated in kind by stating that I did not wish them along anyway and had only asked them through force of a polite habit of mine, or something to that effect. A wide awake reader will see that the observation so often made about familiarity breeding contempt was beginning to be evident with us. This and a few other barbed pleasantries flew between us ere we turned in that night.

After a swim and a good breakfast the next morning, I took the pleasure of requiring the cook for the day to pack me something for lunch, and then set out—the laggards wishing me all kinds of bad luck from sunstroke to getting lost. Strange to say, something of the kind did happen, but that is reserved for later on. I decided to go across country and set my course to the south. I took it easy, and since habitations are sparse in that region, I virtually had the whole country to my self. Up one hill and down another I went, crossing little streams, loitering in woods to observe birds and one or two squirrels, and enjoying myself immensely. I allowed my imagination to rove, and even went to the length of trying to imagine myself as an Indian, thinking his thoughts, and following his actions; stalking an enemy that had no real existence. It was a great game and I thanked my stars that the fellows back in camp were not along to see me and spoil my fun.

When I judged the sun to be directly overhead, I sought out a shady place beside a little creek and there had my banquet. After eating every last crumb I rested a while, just dreaming and smoking. Just when I fell asleep I do not remember, but sleep I did and awakened a long time after, probably around four o'clock. Jumping up I pulled myself together, and started out, but where—I had lost all sense of direction. Not a house was to be seen, not a road in sight, and it seemed to be growing dark. I struck out in a random fashion, came out of the woods, crossed several fields, and sighed in relief at the sight of a ramshackle house about a quarter of a mile away.

After seeing the house, my attention was drawn to the fact that the sky was overcast and that the sun already disappeared. It was certain that unless I was closer to camp than I thought I was, I would not get back before being drenched. You may be sure that I said some very uncomplimentary things about myself, but after a time I realized how futile this was and tried to accept the whole situation with a stoical calm.

Coming up to the house I halloed. A little black head peered at me from around the side and then vanished. I called two or three times more without result and then walked up and around to the front of the place. There sat a pickaniny grinning shyly at me and pulling aimlessly at his dusty little toes.

"Where's your papa, buddy," I asked.

"He's gone away," came the tongue-tied answer.

"Well then, where is your mammy?" was my next query.

"Her's down to the chern," he answered, pointing to what must have been the barn, and then scampered away into the nearby cornfield. To tell the truth, I felt like running after him and spanking him for his boorishness. The storm was coming on apace and my anxiety to be on my way may be imagined. Just as I was about to go down to the stable another youngster, the little one's older brother, no doubt, came running toward me from the same corn patch into which the younger one had disappeared, presumably, to tell him about me. He was much better mannered, and approached me smiling as only a negro can smile. As I told him my predicament and stated my desire to find the shortest way back to the river, the smile suddenly faded out and in its place came a horrified look. After two attempts at utterance, he finally succeeded in breaking through his paroxysm of—well, fear as I saw it to be.

"Well suh," he said in an awed voice, "Ah knows a good sho't cut, but 'at haint no good now. No suh, ah reckon you all'll have t' go de long way. Dats what."

"What's the matter with the short cut that it's not good now?" I inquired.

He paused a bit, scratching his head. Finally he spoke.

"Dey haint nuthin' wrong 'bout de way hitself, but hits 'bout what dat way passes. Dares a old house along dat way, an' muddah wah done tha', and dar's a haunt alivin' tha', an he's a night prowla'. Dats what's de mattah."

"I'm not afraid of ghosts, if that's what you mean. I wish that you'd tell me the way, because I don't care to get any wetter than I have to," was my impatient rejoinder.

"Well now," he answered after another pause. "Ah jest hates t' tell yo', cause he's one nowful haunt, but ah guess dat yo' all must have hit dat way. Yo' cu's trough dis yer co'n field, an' keep goin' straight t' yo' comes t' de creek, den tu'n up dat creek, till yo' comes t' a big house, an dates de place. Ef yo' gits by dat safe, den jest follah de road leadin' out till yo' comes t' a mill. Tu'n t' de left, en go down dat road, an hit'll bring yo' out whuh yo' wants t' go, but Ah knows dat you haint goin' dat fa', leas'tways not t'night. De de's acomin' fast."

I thanked him, flipped him a coin and then set off as fast as I could walk. The storm was not far. Great gusts of wind were blowing and thunder rolled closer every minute. I had gotten well out of the corn field and well over the pasture when a blinding flash of lightning rent the black overhead. This was followed by a terrific canonade. As I hurried along I thought over the fear of the little blackie at mention of the house that was haunted and found myself dreading having to cross the place. Mentally kicking myself for an idiot, I dismissed the thoughts from my

mind giving my attention to picking the way. It was almost totally dark and I had no desire to break my neck over a fence, or be damaged in any other way.

After reaching the creek, I turned up and broke into a run. The wind had mounted to a young cyclone and huge drops were pelting me as I ran. A searing flash hit somewhere ahead and all but stunned me. I stumbled on, cursing my luck, the weather and myself included. At length, another flash revealed the house and I made for it. Just then the deluge came with a roar, and I was all but drowned before I could make it to the porch.

(To be continued.)

A MURDER AVENGED

(Continued from page 6)

don and a gay life in the playgrounds of the world all unfold themselves with the one glance he took at the interior of the cabin. Regaining his self control he again looked in the window.

An old man was sitting before a table upon which was piled a heap of gold. His head was at first resting on this lustrous mass but when Joe looked in the window some sixth sense warned him of danger and looking up he saw the malignant features of Rosenberg glaring in at him.

Fear, cold, paralyzing fear gripped him in her merciless clutches, he was unable to move, to cry out, to utter a single sound as the intruder leaped in through the window. Recovering command of himself, however, he grasped his cane and prepared to defend himself to the best of his ability. Rosenberg in the meantime had drawn a knife from his belt and was circling around the old man seeking an opening so that he might jump in and end the fight with one quick, telling blow. His chance finally came, the miser, letting greed overcome his fear, glanced at his gold. It was his last act for the moment after his eyes left those of the unwelcome visitor the convict's knife was hurled, up to the hilt, in his heart.

Letting the body lie where it had fallen Rosenberg looked around, and spying an old pair of pants and a dirty flannel shirt hanging in a corner, immediately possessed himself of them, putting them on under his heavy mackintosh.

Hastily scraping the gold into his pockets, he blew out the candle and left the cabin. He experienced a strange exhilaration as he again set out, an exhilaration that came with the completion of a crime known only to himself and God. His thoughts wandered as he floated down the river; he saw himself the idol of the rich, the envy of the poor, yes, life would be one continual round of pleasure when he was safe.

He was brought back to earth with a crash, his canoe had hit a submerged log and was rapidly filling with water. He tried to bail it out; his efforts were useless. He tried to turn the prow shoreward, but succeeded only in capsizing the frail craft. Encumbered by his heavy clothes he could offer little resistance to the water and rapidly sank to the bottom of the river. A murder was avenged.

THE CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

(Continued from page 5)
gushingly tell you that she worked every bit of last night's puzzle by herself. "Fine," you will say. "Can you tell me a word of five letters meaning 'evaporized water'?"

"Oh!" she will pout, "I didn't get that."

Contracts will be drawn up in horizontal and vertical lines with a key at the bottom. Some marriage contracts were always a puzzle anyway. Orders will be sent in blank and open spaces. In short, it will be a cross-wise world.—Jad., XXV.

The attorneys for the prosecution and defense had been allowed fifteen minutes each to argue the case. The attorney for the defense commenced with an allusion to the swimming-hole and in flowery oratory, he told of the balmy air, of the singing birds, of the joy of youth and the delights of the cool water—and in the midst of it he was interrupted by the drawing voice of the judge.

"Come on out, Chauncey," he said, "and put on your clothes. Your fifteen minutes are up."

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Outnerving the Wits

Joseph Dell, '25

Mistress: "What were you and Mr. Brown talking about in the parlor last night?"

Maid: "We were discussing our kith and kin."

Mistress: "I understand. When Mr. Brown asked you for a 'kith', you said 'you kin'."

Speaking of life's jokes, have you ever noticed how often the star pupil becomes the employee of the laziest boy in school.

Woman in Mourning: "Sir, I have just lost my husband."

New Obituary Editor: "Lost and found are taken at the front window."

Willie: "Mamma, when will the Indians come out in this movie?"

Mother: "Hush, dear, there are no Indians in this picture."

Willie: "Well, then, who scalped all those men in the front row?"

If at first you don't succeed, you'll never get to second.

So she poured the coffee into the sink so there would be no grounds for divorce.

Eddie Burns, Eiet wit, reports the following as the best joke he ever heard:

A bear came down the mountain and landed in a man's back yard where a woman was washing.

"What, no soap?" he asked.
"No," replied the lady. "This is Tuesday."

Cedar Point? No? Well, then, ask Eddie.

"Are you after my daughter or my money?" demanded the father of the heiress.

"You know very well that I am an amateur athlete," replied the youth.

"Well, what has that to do with it?"

"A great deal, sir. It debars me from taking part in any event for money."

"Say, nigger, don't tell me that that thar doctah am any good."

"Why, Sambo, what do you all mean."

"Why, fr'instenz, he done told me to eat chicken for ebry meal and to retire ebry night at ten o'clock. And how, Ah asks you, am Ah to retire at ten o'clock and still eat chicken at ebry meal."

The young traveler was instructed to wire important news. The next day his chief received the following telegram:

Reached here safely. good room with bath, feeling fine.

He wired back:
So glad, love and kisses, good-by.

The winner of a local beauty contest had departed to assume an important role in a big film play. Before a week was past, she returned and resumed her old position:

"But what about your picture, didn't they give you a part?" inquired a friend.

"Oh yes, indeed," she replied ironically, "I was to be the hand that held the bottle marked 'poison' in the villain's nightmare."

A glance, a dance,
A shot of gin:
A sigh: goodbye
Fraternity pin.
—Carnegie Puppet.

Judge: "Now, are you sure you understand the nature of an oath?"
Youth: "Sure, ain't I yer caddy down at the links?"

—Varsity Breeze.

Two hill-toppers were watching a bathing beach proprietor who did a great deal of business by delivering salt-water to private homes. The next day they came around again but at the time when the tide was at its lowest ebb.

"Good Lord," said one, "but that thar feller sure does a terrible business."

Old Diet
Two men starve to death on cake of ice—Omaha Herald.

FATHER WALSH SPEAKS AT ST. XAVIER CHURCH

Rev. John F. Walsh, S. J., professor of philosophy, gave a series of four Advent lectures at St. Xavier Church on the general topic of "Christ and His Church." The course was given on four successive Sunday evenings, starting November 30 and ending December 21.

Syl: "That young couple over there are on their honeymoon."

Bill: "They don't seem very happy."

Syl: "They're coming back."

She: "Look at that man's unkempt beard! He's almost a wild man."

He: "Just about. You see, he's an old-fashioned gentleman and he always surrenders his turn in the barber chair to waiting ladies."—American Legion.

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